in heaven, everything is fine

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by orphan_account

Summary

This is how the romance each other. With dirty talk comprised of split arteries and frontal lobes. With alcohol and rohypnol, but never at the same time.

sinnerman

Will Graham doesn't believe in demons; no amount of growing up in rural Louisiana could force that kind of embarrassment on him. No, he knows the devil isn't real, and he tells himself that when his hand brushes against the Bible in his bed stand drawer. When it rains it pours, but the devil isn't beating his wife.

Still.

Still, he couldn't think of a better way to describe Hannibal Lecter. It's in the walk, the curve of his mouth, the flick of his wrist. From the moment Jack Crawford first locked the three of them in a room together, the psychiatrist had left an aftertaste in his throat, little claw marks and barbs on his skin. He's a scum-sucker, a bottom-feeder, if Will's being kind. Hannibal was possibly the most polite person he had ever met, but it was all coded and couched, equal parts offense and defense. People were animals to study to him. Especially Will.

He's an animal to all of them, really, Jack and Alana and now Hannibal's lab rat, grabbed by the midsection. Their own private patient zero, see how long until he can survive on his own. Get him sick and see if he's going to be able to produce antivenom, a slipper wunderkind full of spite. And hell, Will was supposed to be the best profiler in this division, whether or not he was officially part of the FBI. He shouldn't let Alana or Jack and certainly not /Hannibal Lecter/ drive him up the wall like that.

Hannibal's sly remark about "not being able to turn it off" didn't mean anything to him at the time. He may not be able to stop empathizing with murderers, but something inside of him tells him he will never empathize with Hannibal Lecter. He tells himself he's more in control than everyone else seems to think he is.

(Even if he isn't.)

Despite his misgivings about the man, he tries his best to make their encounters cordial, if not exactly warm or friendly. Hannibal offers him help in the form of "whatever he needed," although the sentiment just makes Will feel more and more like a patient than a coworker. He knows it's misplaced, that he could be projecting his anger onto Hannibal. Maybe he is. Anger he harbors towards everyone else onto someone who could help him. Typical self-sabotage. So he forces himself every day to be nicer to the man, to not reply with biting distrust whenever Hannibal asks how he is, to not deflect any psychological remarks back his way. He even makes himself sit down in his office and discuss the cases they're assigned to work on together. He naturally mirrors other's speech patterns, after all, and no matter how unintentional it is, he finds himself being polite right back at him. And, however uncanny, he may have started to enjoy the man's company and eagerness to please. Even if he still holds all that resentment in his palm, playing cat's cradle when Hannibal flips the script.

It's during one of these sessions when Hannibal first invites him over for dinner. They'd been discussing the Angelmaker while Hannibal focused on paperwork, when the psychiatrist breaks and looks directly at Will until he's finished talking. It's an unnerving gesture, since he

never breaks eye contact and Will's eyes are only half-lidded, but then again the profiler has a way of talking to him about killers like he’s only talking to himself.

When he stops talking and theorizing, Hannibal speaks. "Will, you seem malnourished as of late. Have you been eating properly?" (Leave it to Hannibal to find the most insulting way to ask him over. Leave it to him to get under and in his skin.)

"They told me not to lose sleep over this, so I traded in another thing." (Which is a lie, because Will hasn’t been sleeping either, and Hannibal knows that.) He adds with disgust, “besides, it’s kind of hard to eat after being at crime scenes all day. Human flesh isn't all too appetizing to me." He still can't look at mushrooms without gagging, and meat is meat is meat.

Hannibal stands up, cocking an eyebrow, and strides over to Will. “Well, one’s needs must take precedence over their work, as an old friend of mine would say. Why don’t you come over for dinner tonight, and I’ll make sure you’ll have enough to eat? You won’t even need to do so until the case is over, I can promise you that." (Is that a joke? Has he evolved to mimic humor?) It sounds more like a proposition, maybe even a demand, than an invitation, and Hannibal walks on to get his coat. Will vaguely realizes his hour's up, has been up for a while now, and this is the doctor’s way of indicating their session, conversation, is over.

With anyone else, Will would prefer this, timed friendships. It'd be less difficult than allocating the right amount of time to talk to them, but here it feels more like a loaded gun. And maybe a part of him–

"I'll see you at eight then," Will murmurs, because he doesn't know if there's any way to say no. It sets him on edge. But Hannibal's courteous enough to see him out, however, and smile almost gratefully all the while, and the whole thing makes Will feel electric. He offers a low “see you tonight, Will," before he turns away and starts to lock up his office.

Will drives home, and it's already too dark. He feeds his dogs. He tries to work on his lures, tie them off, but he loses focus. He spends an hour tying and retying, stuck in a state of flow, until he realizes he needs to go.

When Hannibal answers the door, he’s surprised to see him fully-dressed, holding a glass of wine. He murmurs a pleasant, “ah, Will," before opening the door farther, invitingly, and handing him the glass.

"I’m so glad to have you for dinner, Will. I’d never imagine that you would find time to grace my table," Hannibal says as he directs him to his dining room. Like the rest of his house, it did serve a purpose: to impress. From the mahogany table, which was already laid out with bread and tapenade for an hors d'oeuvre, to the chandelier above, it all makes Will feel so small and so grand all at once. Maybe because it's all for him, this show is private. He takes in how Hannibal's house is filled with deep, deep blue, which the light blue-green of his own walls would pale in comparison to. There are enough chairs for ten people, and he assumes they're always filled during his dinner parties. Even the plants off to the side wall are all painstakingly cared for, like a doctor would for the sick. (But he is a doctor, isn't he? They are his sick. Something about codependency; no, he can't go there.)

They sit down and eat slowly. They try to keep conversation light, (how's your fishing going, Hannibal asks, because the smug bastard already knows without Will ever telling him, and Will inquires to the origins of the entrée, which he says was a lamb,) but it devolves into the case. It always does. It's all they really have, the only interest they share. Their mutual obsession.

"Do you know why the Angelmaker turns his victims into angels, Will?"

He shakes his head, no. Of course, he has some inkling, but he's had three glasses up to this point, and Hannibal's pouring him another.

"Because, in his eyes, they are not victims. They are demons, and he sees himself as being sent to do God's work, to purge them and reclaim them as vessels of God." He pauses, "But, if you remember our previous discussion, God feels good when He kills. So, he, instead of just saving them, elevates them to a metaphorically higher plane. He splits their backs, folds apart their sinew and skin. Hangs them up as monuments to his own destruction." He pauses. "He wants them to watch over him, but it makes him sick."

"But isn't he already sick?"

"Of course, Will. We all are." Will feels the wine in his mouth turn sour.

For some reason, his mind wanders while Hannibal talks, while he drinks. He wonders what it would feel like to grab him by the lapels of his jacket. He wonders if the Angelmaker thinks his prey are demons in the way that Hannibal's a demon, or if he'd be too scared to even touch him, just like Will is. He doubts anyone could open up Hannibal like that, and it makes him want to laugh, because he wants to open him up. (Hannibal mumbles something about how there's a part of him that knows it's wrong.) He wonders what it'd be like to run his hands through his meticulously combed hair. He wonders if Hannibal thinks this is foreplay, that he gets off to their dirty talk, all split arteries and frontal lobes. (The doctor says something about his illness being physical, rather than mental.) Maybe Hannibal likes thinking about his insides like this.

"Do you know what he wants, more than anything? More than purification, to do God's work?" He looks at Hannibal, suddenly feeling brave, cocky, self-assured enough to give him a smirk, "He doesn't really want them to be saved. He wants to be saved. He knows it's wrong, knows how dirty he is, even though he thinks it's righteous. He's not worthy of God's kingdom, not anymore, not with what he does. Maybe he thinks that taking out people who aren't either will make up for that, but that's what's damning him, too. Hell, he might've not even been a Christian until he started killing," Will laughs, tipping the glass fully to his lips and finishing off his drink. He's jumpy in a way that comes before you argue with someone, where you build up words and they either fall flat or prove a point. And it might be because that's how they've romanced each other.

(Will's seen it, the way Hannibal looks at him sometimes when he's not looking at him the other way, the professional curiosity. That hunger in his eyes. He knows what he wants, what they both want.)

Hannibal nods but says nothing, and the rest of the meal is shared in silence.

He follows him to the kitchen after dessert, although Hannibal won't let him help clean up. (It wasn't anything like that. Will just wants to be able to touch Hannibal, that's all. He imagines that it's like touching marble, cool, smooth.)

The alcohol makes his head muzzy. His cheeks are burning when he nearly falls on Hannibal, and he's not sure if it's because of the sudden faintness or how close they are. Will snakes a hand up towards his arm, pulls him, and they're so so close now, although the low lighting makes it impossible to see -to tell, he means,- what Hannibal is thinking. He's so tired. Will can smell his cologne. Something that doesn't have a little ship on it, he thinks, and that's all his sense of smell can tell him.

He tries to pull himself off, but instead slurs, "Doctor Lecter, I think I might need another drink," while Hannibal keeps a hand on the small of his back to keep him from falling. He can't pull away since Hannibal's keeping him there, so Will takes the chance and instead mewls close to the good doctor's ear and places one if his hands into his back pocket, effectively trapping the two together. He's so tired. He might lose his balance if he tries to disengage now, and Will's internally debating the finer points of balance and dignity.

Hannibal swallows, and he can feel it, he breathes and he can feel it, and he mutters a low "Will" as a warning.

The profiler just keens in closer, nuzzles the man's neck. "You say my name a lot," he breathes. He breathes, and he's so tired. "You say my name a lot," he repeats, "because that's the oldest trick in the psych book." He pauses. "But it still sounds nice. I like it anyway."

(Suddenly, Will finds that he's unable to remember how much he's had to drink. He thinks about whiskey and boats and tall, gaunt men.)

Hannibal watches him for a while, like he's taking in just what wine alone could do to Will. It scares Will, how his look is predatory, but also excites him enough to make him move his hips closer into Hannibal's. It's a look different than the one Hannibal gives his patients, finally, but different from their foreplay. It's more like how a mongoose looks at a snake. Which is funny, because he thought he was the mongoose. (Maybe he is. Maybe the snake bit him.) Will looks up at him through his eyelashes. His eyes are half-lidded, because he's tired, because of lust. (He likes to think he can feel him straining against his trousers, denying himself this. A good host wouldn't take advantage of their drunk guest, would he?)

"Will," Hannibal says sternly, and this time it echoes inside of him, "We can't." The psychologist places his hands on his shoulders. He's trying to help him up and off of him, but Will's too far gone to care.

"You don't want it?" Will's voice cracks, and he can feel his glossy eyes well. He stares at Hannibal and gets no reply, just the face of a man who can't string together the right words for the situation. Probably a face he's shown everyone for too long. (Somewhere, the sober part of him is reeling at this. He's shouting that he one-upped Hannibal, so very easily. That he did it without even trying, that he's won the battle. What a shitty psychiatrist he is.)

"It doesn't matter what I want, Will, it matters what is right." And isn't that just so heartbreakingly noble of him?

"Please, Hannibal, please, I need it. No one else can give me what I need," his lip quivers, and his glasses are fogging up, "I'm so tired of it. Jack, he, he treats me like I'm going to break, then tosses me around until I almost do. And everyone else is stuck thinking I-I'm some sort of killer, just because I can see what- what-" Will has to focus to keep his thoughts together, because something inside of him is tearing, something Hannibal said he'd put back together. And it's probably because Hannibal had gotten inside him like that, wearing his mind and skin like a coat. Not at all like he wanted. He found himself wishing he wasn't in front of him at the moment, exposed and vulnerable like this. But he feels it- his face is so hot by now- and then he can't stop. "B-but you don't and you'd unders-stand, you could give it to me because you kn...know."

He just figured that's how it was with people like him, people who never cry. If they manage to do so, they can't stop. But Hannibal was there, offering himself with open arms to the sobbing man. And fuck, he feels pathetic, because he wasn't only Will's therapist, he was his colleague. (Will doesn't mind though, because it's Hannibal's job. He's kind of a whore like that, that's what he does. He becomes what his patients need, gives them his mind instead of his body.)

It takes him a while to stop trembling and realize that Hannibal is rubbing circles on his back, that they're still close but it's a different kind of close. He's holding him steady and letting him sob. Will wobbles and his breathing is ragged, every exhale coming out as a sharp hic. It's like he's choking on himself.

When he's calmer, Hannibal leads him back to his living room and hands him a glass of water. He insists that he lie down on the couch, which is the strangest thing, because he'd always thought Hannibal would be more concerned about people getting their shoes on his furniture than that. It's funny, actually, and he makes sure to tell him that. Will thinks he says something about calling him a taxi, but it echoes in his head and reverberates inside of him instead of making it out into the open. He's still too busy laughing to talk. He doesn't know how long he stays there, but it's anywhere in between twenty minutes to two hours.

(Hannibal's hand on his. Hannibal's hand brushing against the front of his pants. Will whining and crying and praying to whoever's up there, to whatever angel or dragon will listen, for Hannibal to make it go away.)

The next thing he knows he's at the door. Hannibal must have led him there, but he doesn't know.

Hannibal says, "we'll have to do this again, very soon," after some other things he doesn't remember, and Will thinks he sees something in Hannibal's eye.

A glint of red, maybe.

(Will feels like there's a hole in his heart, and it's shaped like Hannibal's fist.)

goodbye horses

Chapter Notes

seven years later.....
this is partially a vent for sexual assault i have dealt with and my own difficulties with zolpidem. please be careful reading.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Here’s here’s *here’s* the thing.

When he's with Hannibal, he feels like he's suffocating. When he's not around him, it's worse. It's an open wound, an ulcer, eating it's way through his skin.

The next time he goes to dinner with Hannibal, they're looking in on a case involving a cellist.

They'd been working on it for a few days, and he'd been eating less and less than normal. It was hard to, after seeing someone's guts tanned and stretched over their own instrument. Sleeping was a gamble, too; too often had he woken up, drenched in sweat, after walking through the roads of Minnesota or Louisiana in the dead of night. Sometimes he turns around, and there's a black stag, covered in feathers. He doesn't like to think about it, because he knows it means something.

It's one of those bad nights he goes to Hannibal's, drives all the way there before even thinking about him having an appointment. He ends up sitting in the waiting room, head in his hands, drenched in rain and the cold in the vain hope that Hannibal will make an appearance soon. (And what if he doesn't? What if he has other matters to attend to, something other than a needy coworker?)

He's there for ten minutes, never moving from his position, when he hears a door open and remarks of gratitude from a strange voice. He doesn't look up. Then there are footsteps, and a soft, familiar "Will?" He looks up, pleadingly. Puppy dog eyes.

Hannibal advances on him, offers his hand and murmurs, "What's wrong?" as he finally stands on wobbly legs. He doesn't say anything, bites his lip and looks down and focuses on how it feels not to cry. When he doesn't respond, Hannibal nods, adding, "We can go in, Will, I have no other appointments today. And you could do with a blanket, could you not?"

The profiler gives him what looks more like a shiver than a nod, and Hannibal leads him in. It's only when Will is curled up in Hannibal's couch- no, wait, it's his armchair, draped in a lead blanket and warming up, does he finally speak. He looks at anywhere but Hannibal, at the carefully done drawings on his desk, and says, "It's getting harder to look." He gets a solemn nod in return, like Hannibal gets the sentiment. But he knows he doesn't, because he's

a doctor, and there's no way that it's ever been hard for him to look. He can't imagine Hannibal being repulsed at anything other than a lack of decorum.

He should've seen it coming. "You've had too much to drink, Will." Hannibal hadn't offered him wine, has said "you have an early morning tomorrow, yes?" He wants to scream, but when he thinks harder, the thoughts chase themselves away. It's a bold-faced lie, but, had he? Maybe he was wrong. Hannibal says it with such confidence that he doubts himself, frown set into his mouth like marble.

Something in the beef, maybe. Or the salad dressing. Bitter. Or even the tea. He doesn't know, and that's what's most upsetting; he can't figure out what he spiked. (It occurs to him, vaguely and only in this moment, that Hannibal may have done this before, but more meticulously, subtly. That he *wants* Will to know. To acknowledge how he's ruined him.)

Hannibal deposits him in his armchair, and Will is vaguely aware of how nice it feels to be touched like this, carried. He hates being touched, recoils every single time Alana or anyone else gets too close, but the way Hannibal holds him is different. It's like being cradled. Jesus off the cross.

The room spins because it's always been spinning. He looks up, and there are unceasing lights, little cobwebs floating around. Little creatures. Fairies? No. He needs to focus. Needs to think. Around Hannibal, he does not have the luxury of being off-guard.

Hannibal takes off his glasses for him. "What're we doing, Hannibal?" His speech is slurred, and it gets harder to see. "What're you doing?"

The term "date rape" never crosses his mind.

"You gave me something," he says, plainly.

He expects Hannibal to lie, but instead, he looks at him, fingers at Will's jaw. "Yes." Will waits for the other shoe to drop. It doesn't.

"Why?"

"Why not?" But the way he says it makes it sound less like another experiment, and more like it's for Will's benefit.

He's confused, Hannibal edging closer. It occurs to him that it's awfully hard to just sit, so he slowly collapses to lying on the couch. "What was it?"

"A nonbenzodiazepine. Something to help you relax." And, with horror, Will realizes Hannibal is speaking so plainly because he knows he won't remember it. That's when Hannibal finally does it, straddles him in the midst of his shock. Will imagines that he's still looking at him with his eyebrows knitted together and his mouth open, but he can't tell from a lack of feeling in most of his body. He barely knows if he's awake, because it seems too *wrong,* too against Hannibal's protocol. Soon, he feels the psychiatrist breathing on his neck, (or breathing down his neck, just like Jack,) and he squirms right into his hands, the hands moving to hold his waist. Then, his lips meet his neck, and he's done. Hannibal's grip on his

hips is painfully tight, fingers pulling at his jeans. The way he sucks at his neck is amazing, though, and when the good doctor bites down a bit harder on him, he can't help the sharp breath he takes. He's right on his pulse point. (He could probably bite down hard enough and kill him, just like that.)

(He thinks about how they'd look if they were victims, if their guts were lying all over an orchestra stage. Winged beings. He doesn't know what heaven will look like, and he realizes now that he will never know.)

"I've waited for this, Will, for so long," he murmurs against his neck, and Will's glad they're on the couch now. He's so dizzy, even lying down. "Ever since you pressed yourself against me the last time, asked me to take you." Will mewls his consent.

(It's illegal either way, even if he wasn't fucking *drugged* , because if he *is* his patient, if Hannibal *is* his therapist, they can't, and it makes him hot all over. Knowing that Hannibal wants him so bad that he'd commit such a breach of contract–)

He's not able to do much more in response but give a strangled moan from the back of his throat. With what Hannibal's doing and his already garbled speech, he's a wreck. His fingers feel so good, even if they're going at such a leisurely pace. He wants to move into the touch, and is surprised to find he can't.

"I thought about it for such a long time," he says. "I wondered how you'd look, spread open and panting for me, as I opened you up. I wondered if you'd scream." (He's willing to bet he's not just talking about sex, and the idea makes his pulse quicken. He feels sick, stomach acid rebelling. If Hannibal could see inside his head, perhaps, fingers reverent over the folds of his brain, then they'd be on the same warpath.)

Fish. It's fish floating above his head.

"I'd never scream," he closes his eyes, hips twitching. "You want my mouth open that bad?"

Hannibal shoots him a look, like he's contemplating what it would be like to get even deeper under his skin, and isn't he going to wear him, in a way? Will is overcome, then and there, with the urge to scratch. His skin is suddenly too tight. But Hannibal's hands are at his in an instant, a hissed "no," and then they're somewhere else. Slick. When did he have time to get lube? Will can't seem to parse through this new information, not even when Hannibal's fingers prod at him, and he groans out through the burning and the pressure.

"Exquisite," is all Hannibal says.

(Whatever is between them is growing like a rot: Will is afraid that it's too late to sever them. Whatever has been set into motion is much bigger than the both of them.) Will only feels disgust when Hannibal's thick fingers start to work him open in earnest; repulsion with himself, with how he's unaware of what he's saying, how he's begging Hannibal. He can barely move. He can barely move. *He can barely move* save for the twitch of his cock and the snap of his hips. He lifts a wrist to come down to Hannibal, unsure of his own intent, but then it trails behind itself, freeze-frames of his hand and Hannibal's intertwined.

He giggles. The enormity of his hunger devours him. Hannibal pushes into him, and it's like a bright star.

He looks out Hannibal's window, and a black mass is watching them, an antlered man. Somehow, he knows that this man is the stag is the Ripper is Hannibal. A whine tears through his throat. Hannibal's above him now, shushing him reverently.

"'S you," he says, with unbecoming clarity. "It's always been you." And even when Hannibal raises an eyebrow, face a mask too human to bear, he can't do anything but snap his hips against the length of his cock whorishly.

He wants the man outside to watch.

"An audience of just you," Will says aloud, and Hannibal seems to take it in stride, thighs tensing forward until Will is a mess of " *oh* " and " *Doctor* " and " *please* ." The last word seems to excite something in him, and he pounds into Will until the profiler has his legs wrapped around his waist.

The Wendigo is suddenly behind the couch, peering over the writhing of their bodies. Will breaks out into a grin, and then another moan, and he wonders if Hannibal can see himself as clearly as Will sees him now. The black figure extends a hand to his throat– a gentle push, a looming threat– before sliding upwards, fingers pulling at his lips. (He isn't sure if he could even suck Hannibal off in this state, but a part of him, the part that isn't angry and scared, wants to.)

"You're big," and for a second, Will thinks Hannibal hears him say something else, what with the reverent expression that crosses his face. "Feels– full, Doctor, I feel so full. Warm." The hand that Will had been looking at earlier, the thousand hands he now has, goes to his stomach, presses down, as if he could feel the two of them connected like this. "You're certainly *opening me up.*"

The stag begins to gnaw on his other hand, and if Will flexes it, he can see the tendons wrapped around the bones of his fingers. Hannibal's people mask slips for just a second while he ruts into him, threads of Lithuanian in the air.

Will feels like a puppet, wound this tightly around Hannibal, hole spasming when he pulls out for just a little too long. He hates this, hates Hannibal for his cowardice and deception and all he represents, but he hasn't felt anything quite like this before. Will has ached for as long as he could remember, and this feeling of being full has finally satiated whatever violent desire he thought he had. (He hopes it's this, base carnality, and not his temporary existence as Hannibal's *toy.* That is not a mountain he can make sense of.)

He brings his many-arms around Hannibal, pulling him close to groan low in his ear. The Wendigo is gone, but Garrett Jacob Hobbs is there, sitting on the arm rest.

"Little slut," he says, smiling through bloodied teeth. "Does it feel good? And you thought I was sicker than you." A laugh. Hannibal's relentless now, an almost constant pressure on that one place inside of him that makes him howl. "You'd eat whatever he asked you to. Don't deny it."

Garrett Jacob Hobbs had found a use for everything, not let anything go to waste. Will feels as used up as his victims.

He's so, so close, and he thinks Hannibal can tell, because he pins his legs up and thrusts into him from above. (He wants Will to cum on his face, perhaps, and knowing Hannibal, it's some poetic metaphor about devouring oneself.) Will slurs that he's a dirty fucker. Hannibal pauses, and pulls out of him. Will's too high to think about what's happening, so tired, but Hannibal crams his fingers inside of him and prods at him until he's coming untouched. Doesn't get himself off. (Or, if he does, Will has already passed out.)

No one is there when Will finally drifts off. There are no visions, just the steady hum of whatever classical accompaniment Hannibal had put on for the evening. All of him has been used, elk bones to putty, hair to stuffing. He's satisfied that he has finally, *finally* been useful to Hannibal in the way he has failed to be to Jack.

He hasn't slept this good in years.

It becomes a regular habit. He chalks it up to losing time, him never recalling his dinner dates with Hannibal, to the dissociation. (Some nights he wakes up in a ditch half a mile from his house, and he thinks the throbbing in his core must be from the sleepwalking.) It's just another one of the ways that he makes him crazy.

The general conceit, though, the one they both have to believe in to continue existing around each other, is that Will *never* remembers. But he does, in bits and pieces, and when he wakes up, safe at home in bed, he tells himself it was a dream. When Hannibal's fingers brush against his waist, and when he finds himself keening at Hannibal's voice, well– it's not real. Pavlov is outdated in his book.

(If it were real, though, if he were to admit otherwise– to think about how Hannibal needs to feed him zolpidem to feel justified in fucking him, in taking him, well–)

Later, though, months away, while he's sitting in a cold jail cell, he remembers. He remembers a tube being forced down his throat and a hand where it shouldn't be, the sensation of choking and his hips moving, and everything that came before that. Every single time.

Chapter End Notes

i am a bad person and i am so sorry.....

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